

PLAYED ON ENEMY'S NERVES

Subtle Scheme That Was Employed by the Japanese During Siege of Port Arthur.

The Japanese are ingenious, if a little diabolical. A Russian officer named Lubitski, in a little book lately published on his experience in the Russo-Japanese war, illustrates both phases of their character. During one of the Japanese attacks on Port Arthur the assailants made use of wooden hand-rattles such as night watchmen in Japan still use, and which some of us remember as "police men's rattles." These things produce a magnified crackling noise exactly like the sound of machine guns. This idea was not so much to deceive the Russians as to the number of machine guns in action, but to shatter the nerves of the defenders and thus bring about the psychological collapse which plays such an important part on the modern battlefield. And M. Lubitski, who was then in close touch with the Livonian infantry, frankly acknowledges that this contrivance had a marked effect on his men and contributed substantially to the ultimate victory of the Japanese.

LIKED AEROPLANE TO BIRD

Indian's Comment, on His First Sight of Airship, Brief and Very Much to the Point.

'Aviator Rodgers, while on his way to the Pacific coast, came down for gasoline one Sunday on an ordinary looking New York farm.

He didn't know where he was until a man came across the field and his face showed him to be an Indian. Rodgers then knew he was on the Seneca Indian reservation at Red House, and the brave approaching happened to be Chief Bishop.

An aeroplane was a new thing to the Indian, and while men of his race began to pour into the field from the neighboring country as fast as their ramshackle buckboards and ponies would permit them, the chief inspected his visitor's sky vehicle. After he had finished his examination the Indian turned to the aviator and said:

"Ugh, big bird. Ugh, much heap too dam big bird."

TURTLE GETS THE HEN.

While a man was fishing in the Wissahickon creek recently he noticed a small speckled hen on the other bank leisurely pattering about in the shallow water in search of a meal. Suddenly a slight disturbance was noticed in the water a few feet below the hen, and the head of a large snapping turtle appeared above the surface for an instant. After a brief interval there was a splash, a flutter of wings and a series of loud cackles. The snapper had the chicken's leg in his strong jaws, while the hen, with her remaining leg, clutched the root of a tree overhanging the water. Then came a tug of war. The hen made a gallant fight, but she had to let go, and a moment later the turtle went down and disappeared beneath the water with his prize.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

MAKING USE OF HER LATIN.

There is in a certain Florida city a woman librarian with a fondness for Latin phrases that sometimes require more than a knowledge of Latin to fathom. Recently a visitor to the library inquired pleasantly how she had spent her vacation, to which the librarian replied idly: "Oh, I just took a little jaunt up to New York via train and came home vice versa."

"You returned—how?" gasped the visitor.

"Vice versa," repeated the librarian blandly. "By steamer, you know."—Saturday Evening Post.

AFTER THE THEATER.

The convivial person helped off the car at his corner, discerned a uniform, and, approaching it with some dignity, handed the wearer a card.

"What's this for?" demanded the police officer.

"Ain't you usber to this street?" asked the convivial person. "Please show me to my seat."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"It's a bad man. Takes four men to handle me when I get started."

"I saw one man handle ye yesterday over on the next ranch."

"Well, they happened to be short-handed over there."

ARE NOT SUCH GOOD "MIXERS"

Writer Says Men Think They Get Acquainted Easily, but Really They Don't.

Edna Ferber writes a fiction story in the American Magazine in which the principal character is Emma McChesney, a traveling saleswoman. On one of her trips she took her son with her, a boy of seventeen. This boy had to spend the night with a stranger in a country hotel. Next morning his mother asked him about his roommate. The boy knew very little, not even the name of the man with whom he stayed. Whereupon Emma McChesney broke out as follows:

"Men are the cussedest creatures. This chap occupied the same room with you last night and you don't even know his name. Funny! If two strange women had found themselves occupying the same room for a night they wouldn't have got to the kimono and back hair stage before they would know not only each other's name but they'd have tried on each other's hats, swapped corset cover patterns, found mutual friends living in Dayton, O., taught each other a new Irish croquet stitch, showed their family photographs, told how their married sister's little girl nearly died with swollen glands and divided off the mirror into two sections to paste their newly washed handkerchiefs on. Don't tell me men have a genius for friendship."

HARD ON HER



She (fishing for a compliment)—This is the third dance you've had with me. Why don't you ask some of the other girls?

He—To tell the truth, I'm such a bum dancer that I'm ashamed to ask them.

THE FIRST STOVE.

The most important uses of fire were taught by fire itself. As the primitive man stood near the flames of the burning tree and felt their pleasant glow he learned that fire may add to bodily comfort; and when the flames swept through a forest and overtook a deer and baked it, he learned that fire might be used to improve the quality of his food. The hint was not lost. He took a burning torch to his cave or hut and kindled him a fire on his floor of earth. His dwelling filled with smoke, but he could endure the discomfort for the sake of the tooth-someness of the cooked meats. After a time a hole was made in the roof of the hut, and through this hole the smoke passed out. Here was the first stove. The primitive stove was the entire house; the floor was the fireplace and the hole in the roof was the chimney. The word "stove" originally meant "a heated room."

PREOCCUPATION.

"Do you think the automobile has a demoralizing influence?"

"I'm afraid it has," replied Mr. Chuggins. "When a man has to remember how fast he can go in different parts of town, and the rules about displaying numbers and sounding the horn at crossings, and letting smoke escape from the exhaust, and keeping his lamps in order, and cutting out the muffler, and various other things he's liable to be so preoccupied that the ten commandments don't get their reasonable share of attention."

AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH.

The Australians are evolving a new English language of their own. With three of their words—"barracking," "larrikin" and "kangaroo"—we are all familiar, but there are hundreds of others to be found in the dictionary of "Australian-English" compiled by Professor Morris. The Sydney Bulletin is offering a prize for the "best sonnet written in the Australian language." That is to say, a sonnet that would not be understood outside of Australia.

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501½ acres, Clarksville pike, 12 miles from town, one of finest farms in Christian county, splendid improvements, water and timber. \$85 per acre.

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860 acres in three adjoining farms consolidated. Will sell separately or as a whole for from \$60 to \$80 per acre. On Clarksville pike, with elegant country home and all modern improvements, including two cottage residences if divided.

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500 acres 2 miles from town on Canton pike, well improved and well watered, will price \$75 as a whole, or will divide into three tracts.

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240 acres on Fairview and Pembroke pike, 3½ miles north of Pembroke and 2½ miles east of Fairview, 60 acres in timber. \$50 an acre.

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NOT ALTOGETHER AN ANGEL

Beautiful Child Had a Will of Her Own, Also a Temper, as She Abundantly Proved.

A tall, well-gowned young woman entered one of the city department stores, accompanied by an angelic looking little girl of three years. "What a beautiful child!" the shoppers murmured as she passed.

From one counter to another the two went, purchasing gloves, a white lace veil, some rose pink ribbon, that the mother held under her daughter's chin and then looked at her child, to see the effect, which the saleswoman declared perfect.

All the time the child was sweetly acquiescent in all her mother's plans.

Once or twice she spoke quietly to her mother, who answered her by saying, "Perhaps, later," and smiled.

Suddenly a change came over the angelic face. It was like a great black thundercloud passing over the face of the sick.

"I won't stop teasing," shrieked the Angelic One, "I won't. I want chocolate ice cream! I will have it! I will! I will!" The voice rose in a shriek of rage and determination. Then she threw her dainty self to the floor and rolled over and over.

FIT GIRLS TO EARN LIVING

Parents Never Can Know That Daughters May Not Have to Make Their Own Way.

Every girl in the world should be fitted to earn a living, even though she does not have to look out for herself. Life is uncertain, but money has a way of deserting one without warning. Only in the few cases is its loss due to circumstances which might have been avoided. One expects to pay the price of carelessness or recklessness, but nobody is ever fully prepared for unforeseen disaster.

Many a woman has blessed the memory of parents who had been sufficiently thoughtful to prepare them for emergencies. Children show signs of special ability at an early age and in boys it is cultivated with an eye to the future—the inevitable time of bread-winning. Girls are less fortunate, for many of them have to go out into the world without special advancement and with little thought of future advancement, so the occasional woman with an abundance of persistence climbs to a safe position and the great mass of struggling women snatch what they can from chance.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

LABOUCHERE'S TEMPERANCE.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who knew his subject well, attributed the long life of Mr. Labouchere, the editor, to temperance in eating and drinking. He rarely touched wine, and then only in the form of claret and water; but he was intemperate in one direction—that of cigarette smoking. He would gulp down an egg and a cup of tea and stick a cigarette in his mouth, from which a successor was never absent throughout the day. That long life of Labouchere enabled him to tell stories of Bismarck in his unknown days, of the original of Thackeray's marquis of Steyne and of Disraeli's Lord Monmouth. One of the genial cynicisms of Labouchere which ought not to be allowed to die is that uttered at a great banquet given by Sir Henry Irving. "To think," said the actor to the journalist, "that I was once getting £5 a week from you!" "Three pounds," corrected the journalist.—London Chronicle.

HOW PAIN WAS CONQUERED.

It was a baker's son who saved the human race from endless pain. Sir James Simpson was the first man to discover that chloroform could be used to render persons unconscious for the purpose of performing operations. Until almost the middle of the last century when anyone underwent surgical operation there was no way in which the patient could be rendered unconscious. Mr. Simpson first practiced it upon himself, and one day was found lying unconscious on the floor of his study, where he had fallen after inhaling it.

MORE IMPORTANT.

Mrs. Newlywed—Do you keep a loving, watchful eye on your husband from morning until night?

Mrs. Oldwed (grimly)—No, my dear—from night until morning.—Judge.

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